

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

A dimly lit french cuisine restaurant. Calm, slightly underbooked atmosphere. On the table: a basket of BREAD in the middle, ESCARGOTS for Lex, FOIE GRAS for Nina. Both are drinking RED WINE. A single candle sits between them.

Wide Shot. As the shot begins, waiter refills their wine glasses and replaces the bread basket with fresh one. Lex holds and intense, confident gaze at Nina while fidgeting beneath the table (out of her sight). Nina spreads the foie gras on bread, not particularly reciprocating significant eye contact.

The camera smoothly moves forward to a medium shot as Lex picks out an escargot with his fourchette. As he is about to eat it, he stops himself with a thought.. slightly pointing the fork to Nina as he speaks.

LEX

Tell me, why is it that some people change their fucking minds without realizing why?

Nina looks up with a faint smirk

NINA

Um maybe because there's no need to curse at dinner.

Lex eats the escargot. He then wipes his mouth with a napkin, subtly nodding to himself as if acknowledging challenge. He leans in and looks at Nina dead in the eyes.

LEX

I would never. Let anybody. Tell me what to think.

He takes a seething gulp of his red

NINA

(slight sass)
Okay
(under breath)
Noted

Lex stirs his wine, fingers draining blood from the pressure of his grip. Camera continues inching closer, beginning to move focus on Lex (Nina still partly in frame). He tilts his head to the side as if trying to look at Nina from another angle.